

How we hold on

Pamela Sinicrope

Maybe morning is about to flock the sky,
but right now, the moon is still
in shimmers. It's half-past twenty-five years,
our dreams float like iridescent asteroids
along a twilight sphere. Of course,
we know that day will break, it's crisp
cotton tucked tight into straight-leg jeans.
But for now, the cuckoo has closed his door
and this blanket still holds our heat.
Slide over. We'll slip into our failing
skeletons, entangle hands and hips
not quite ready to fly.